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HORACE'S  
LIFE AND CHARACTER.

*SECOND SUPPLEMENT.*

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BY

R. M. HOVENDEN, B.A.

AUTHOR OF A METRICAL PARAPHRASE OF THE ODES OF HORACE.

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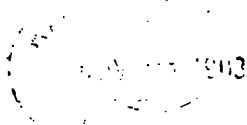


## SECOND SUPPLEMENT.

H.

I

Q1 8.925.3



SC. 3. A. 1. 34

In this second Supplement the Satires and Epistles of Horace are completed, with the exception of the second Satire of the first Book and one or two objectionable passages elsewhere.

As his little work is intended

*Ingeniis oculisque legi manibusque teneri*, (Epp. I. 19. l. 34)

the Translator hopes that his critics will not object to, but will rather applaud the omissions referred to above.

The book is not a 'crib' or 'construe' which supersedes the study of grammatical constructions, but may be useful in giving younger students an interest in Horace's general scope and meaning, before they proceed to the drier work of analysing his grammar.

The notes are generally derived from the best authorities the translator has at hand, and which are not always within the reach of those for whose assistance they are selected.

## FIRST BOOK OF SATIRES.

### VII.

#### PERSIUS AND RUPILIUS REX.

How hybrid Persius parried and return'd  
The spite and rancour of Rupilius Rex  
Is common talk in drug and shaving shops.  
This Persius, trading at Clazomenæ,  
Had contracts and sharp suits at law with Rex. 5  
A sturdy man, in venom Rex's match ;  
Loud, confident, so glib of tongue withal  
That Barrus and Sisenna he outstript

1 Hybrid Persius. Because he was a Greek, admitted to Roman citizenship : or, because he was the son by a foreign father of a Roman mother.

8 Equis præcurreret albis, *i.e.* far outstrip. The expression is proverbial. So, in Plautus, *Asinaria*, II. 2. 12—13,

Nam si huic occasione tempus sese subterduxerit,  
Nunquam ædepol quadrigis albis indipiscet postea.

Lambinus, quoting this passage from memory, as I suppose, has not improved it ; and Maclean, by an unusual carelessness in transcription, has marred the cadence of the former line.



With four white steeds.

They could not come to terms :—

For rivals, as in battle so in law,	10
Are stubborn in proportion to their strength.	
In Hector and Achilles this appear'd,	
Since death alone could terminate their feud,	
Because in either valour was supreme.	
If strife arise between two faineants,	15
Or strong and weak like Diomede of Greece	
And Lycian Glaucus, let the weak give way	
And make amends.—When Prætor Brutus held	
Rich Asia, banish'd Rex and Persius met,	
Well pair'd as Bithus was with Bacchius,	20
And into court they came, a sight to see.	

16 Ut Diomedi cum Lycio Glauco. How can Glaucus be called Lycian by Homer and Horace, seeing that he was of Corinthian extraction? He was the son of Hippolochus, the son of Bellerophon, and grandson of Sisyphus. Bellerophon married Anticlea, the daughter of Iobates, king of Lycia, and had of her a son, Hippolochus, who was father of Glaucus. Bellerophon succeeded his father-in-law in the kingdom of Lycia, and Glaucus commanded the Lycians in the Trojan war. LAMBINUS.

18 Glaucus yielded to Diomede his golden arms in exchange for Diomede's, which were of brass. *Vet. Schol.*

20 Two celebrated gladiators, who, after having killed many antagonists, finally killed each other.

Persius show'd cause; the whole assembly laugh'd;  
 He greatly lauded Brutus and the staff;  
 Call'd him the sun of Asia and his friends  
 Benignant stars; excepting Rex alone, 25  
 That little dog-star, bane of husbandmen;  
 And on he thunder'd like a wintry flood  
 In steep ravine where seldom comes the axe.  
 Next the Prænestine:—hurling back abuse  
 Cull'd from the vineyard when the vine-dresser, 30  
 Stung by a passing taunt, rails at the man  
 Who from afar still—Cuckoo, Cuckoo—sings.  
 Then Persius, undismay'd by Latian wit,  
 Foul as it was, cried: Brutus, by the Gods  
 I pray you, being adept in regicide, 35  
 Complete your work and make an end of Rex.

30 *Expressa arbusto*=*ex pectore tracta*, according to Lambinus, Cruquius and his Old Commentator. I do not see why; although Facciolati endorses their notes. This of Gesner, a little hazy, perhaps, seems nearer the mark: *Nempe arbusto, i.e. putatori (qui hic vindemiator vocatur improprie) exprimit convicia viator quem cuculum appellat: non quasi arbustum pro putatore s. arboratore dicatur; sed quia tamen ex arbusto veniunt.*

32 *Cuculum*. It was accounted a disgrace and reproach for a vine-dresser to be overtaken by that bird while his pruning was unfinished.

PLINY, XXVIII. 16, notante CRUQUIO.

## VIII.

## PRIAPUS AND THE WITCHES.

I WAS that fig-tree stump, unprofitable,  
 On which the carpenter toss'd : Stool or God :  
 And down it came, Priapus. Here I squat,  
 Terror of birds and robbers ; my right hand  
 And the red staff I carry on my thigh 5  
 Frighten the thieves, and high above my head  
 Whistles a reed to scare the noisome birds,  
 Lest in the new-made garden they should lodge.  
 Hither, before my time, from abject lairs  
 Corpses of slaves by fellow-slaves were borne 10

3 The images of Priapus were of the coarsest materials and workmanship. Lambinus quotes the inscription on one of them, by an anonymous author :—  
*Insulssissima quid rides puella? Non me Praxiteles, Scopasve fecit : Nec sum Phidiacâ manu politus : Sed lignum rude villicus dolavit : Et dixit mihi, tu Priapus esto.*

7 I suppose that this reed was so fashioned that the wind whistled through it : for how could a reed which emitted no sound frighten the birds? B.

GESNER'S *Horace*.

To trenches, shared by coarse Pantolabus  
 And spendthrift Nomentanus. Columns mark'd :—  
 Frontage a thousand feet, three hundred deep ;  
 The heir's rights do not touch the monument.—  
 Now, men can dwell on healthy Esquiline 15  
 And pace a sunny terrace, where of yore  
 White bones cropp'd up, offending every sense.  
 I, 'who can deal with thieves and savage beasts  
 Who haunt the place, am to my wits' end brought  
 By witches, with their charms and potions brew'd 20  
 For human hearts : these I can neither quell,  
 Nor hinder, when the fair orb of the moon  
 Rises, from gathering bones and noxious herbs.  
 Myself have heard Canidia, bare of foot,  
 Unkempt, her black skirt kilted, shriek and wail 25  
 With aged Sagana. How deadly pale  
 They shew'd ! Yet with their nails they scoop'd the earth

11 Compare *S. II. i. l. 21*, where 'fool' is used, in the Shakspearian sense, for 'clown' or 'buffoon.'

14 Horace writes as if there were a stone set up on some part of the boundary of this burial-ground, with the inscription usual on private monuments: *Hoc monumentum hæredes non sequitur* : which is obviously only a satire. The words could only apply to a private place of burial. MACLEAN.

And tore a black lamb piecemeal with their teeth.  
Into the fosse blood pour'd they, and invoked  
The spirits of the dead to give response. 30  
One held a woollen, one a waxen doll:  
The woollen greater, to subdue the less.  
Suppliant the waxen stood awaiting death  
As slaves in torture die. The one invoked  
Tisephone, the other Hecate. 35  
Fierce hell-dogs prowld, and fork-tongued serpents writhed  
About them, and the Moon, ashamed their rites  
To witness, hid her face behind the barrows.  
And, if I lie, may crows defile my head,  
May thief Voranus, Pediatia 40  
And Julius put me to the vilest use.  
I might go on to tell how Sagana  
Held converse sad and shrill with ghostly shapes;

31 The meaning of the woollen image which was to punish the waxen one is not very clear. The wax was to melt, and as it melted so was the lover to consume in the fires of love. Lambinus does not attempt to explain this, but goes on to say that women, who employed love-charms, exposed a waxen image to the fire, expressive of the effect of their own power; and another of plaster, to signify that the lover should be hardened against the attractions of other women.

---

How beard of wolf and tooth of spotted snake  
Were buried, and the waxen image fed 45  
Their kindling fire: or how I testified  
Against the words and deeds of these two hags.  
For from beneath me issued a report  
Loud as a bladder burst. They took to flight;  
Canidia lost her teeth, and Sagana 50  
Her wig, both dropp'd their herbs and magic chains:  
You would have laugh'd to see their disarray.

## X.

## CONCERNING LUCILIUS.

No doubt I call'd Lucilius harsh in style,  
Which only foolish partisans deny ;  
But in the self-same passage praised his wit  
Which lash'd so well the vices of the town.  
I draw a line between poetic art 5  
And the droll farces which Laberius wrote.  
'Tis not enough to make an audience grin ;  
(And this perhaps is prized above its worth)  
A brevity, a smoothness is required  
Which does not overload the ear with words ; 10  
A plot well balanced—serious and jocose—  
Shewing by turns the poet, orator  
And wit, each kept within his proper bounds :  
A jest unties the knot which sarcasm cuts.  
The writers of esteem'd Old Comedy 15  
Here took their stand and should be imitated.

Tigellius and his ape, Demetrius,  
V        ever read them, are content to sing,  
In some poor sort, like Calvus and Catullus.—  
How well they season'd Latin speech with Greek!— 20  
Inveterate dunces! Think you that so hard  
Which came pat to Timoleon of Rhodes?—  
But languages thus married please the tongue,  
Like Chian mingled with Falernian wine.—  
I put it to you: if in writing verse, 25  
Or, say, in pleadings for Petillius,  
When Pedius and Corvinus spare no pains  
To polish and refine their mother-tongue,  
Would you, forgetful of your birth and country,  
With foreign jargon interlard your speech, 30  
Like a two-tongued Canusian? When I thought  
To sing in Greek, I, of Italian stock,  
The voice of Romulus, ironical,  
Before the break of day, when dreams are true,  
Thus check'd in me the too presumptuous thought: 35  
Less mad to carry faggots to the wood  
Than amplify the perfect song of Greece.  
36 As we say: To carry coals to Newcastle. BAXTER.



While in bombast Alpinus murders Memnon  
 And chokes the Rhine's pure fountain-head with mud,  
 I write these trifles, not for rivalry 40  
 Before judge Talpa in Apollo's hall,  
 Nor for a lengthen'd run in theatres.  
 Fundanius, alone of living men,  
 Can write a humourous play where Davus helps  
 An artful jade old Chremes to delude. 45  
 Pollio the deeds of Kings in trimeters,  
 And Varius, as none else, the epic weaves,  
 And Virgil's polish charms the pastoral Muse.  
 Where Varro, and some others, vainly strove,  
 In satire I succeeded, less indeed 50  
 Than the inventor, from whose honour'd head  
 I would not, dare not pluck the crown he wears.  
 I said his flow is muddy, but redeem'd

38 Whilst he describes the death of Memnon by the hand of Achilles so inelegantly that he seems himself to murder him: and the river Rhine with such vulgarity that he may be said to befoul it with mud. LAMBINUS.

42 Compare *A. P.* l. 190.

53 I said not only that his flow was muddy, but also added that he wrote more things worth acceptance and approval, than of rejection. *Tollenda*, that is, to be taken up, preserved, as in *A. P.* l. 367—368. Hoc tibi dictum tolle memor. Compare *S. I.* 4. l. 11; *II.* 7. l. 17; *Epp.* I. 7. l. 17. LAMBINUS.

---

By many beauties: and do you, I pray,  
Find nothing in great Homer to reprove? 55  
Would courteous Lucilius change no phrase  
Of tragic Accius, nor ridicule  
The verse of Ennius, although he blames  
Himself as no less reprehensible?  
What then forbids that we, who read his works, 60  
Should question if his subjects and his style  
Hardly consist with polish'd elegance?  
Though he, content with verses of six beats,  
Can, fasting, write two hundred at a stretch,  
And, after supper, twice a hundred more, 65  
Before him Cassius of Etruria own'd  
This mill-wheel power, whose works, in cedar cased,  
Sufficient were to build his funeral pile.  
Lucilius, I grant, abounds in wit  
And higher polish than some authors boast 70  
Who spun rough verse, unhandled by the Greeks,  
Or those of earlier date, yet even he,  
If in our day he lived, would shake off much  
That mars his style, would prune redundancies,  
And for each line he wrote would beat his brain, 75

Or to the quick bite down his finger-nails.  
 Often reverse your style if you aspire  
 To be twice read, write for the curious few,  
 Not for th' unlettered many. Would you care  
 To serve as primer in a village school? 80  
 Not I: enough for me the Knights' applause,  
 As bold Arbuscula said: 'Hiss on, ye geese!'  
 Shall vermin, like Pantilius, or false  
 Demetrius anger me with calumnies,  
 Or foolish Fannius, friend of Hermogen? 85  
 I am content if Plotius, Varius,  
 Mæcenas, Virgil, Valgius approve;  
 If Fuscus Optimus and Octavius,  
 With either Viscus praise my little work.

77 *Stilum vertere* was the conventional phrase for erasing what had been written, one end of the iron pen (*stilus*) being broad, like the end of a chisel, for the purpose of obliterating the letters made upon the wax tablet by the sharp end, which they called *acumen*.

MACLEANE.

80 Compare Epp. I. 20, l. 18.

82 Arbuscula: a celebrated female mime, hissed and hooted by the common people, but admired by the knights: concerning whom M. Tull. *ad Att.* l. 4 writes: *Quæris nunc de Arbuscula. Valde placuit.*

LAMBINUS.

88 This seems to be a play upon the name of Horace's friend, *Aristius Fuscus*.

---

Flattery apart, to you, O Pollio, 90  
And you, Messalla, I address myself,  
And to your brother; not forgetting you,  
Fair-judging Furnius; Servius, Bibulus,  
And other learned friends whose names I spare,  
Hoping my book may please and interest you, 95  
And shall be grieved if otherwise it hap.  
But you, Demetrius and Tigellius,  
May squall among your female music-class.  
Go, boy, and to my brief this clause append.

97—8 These verses are addressed to the poet's detractors: as though one should write at the end of his letter: 'Go hang!' instead of the usual 'Farewell!'  
GESNER.

## SECOND BOOK OF SATIRES.

## III.

## DAMASIPPUS THE STOIC.

You write so seldom that four parchment sheets  
Last you a year: you touch, correct, retouch,  
Mad with yourself that, sleep and wine between,  
Comes nothing readable.—

What can I do?—

Why, from the Saturnalia hither fled, 5  
Write, sober, what you plann'd before.—

I can't;

In vain I curse my pen, and beat the wall,  
Doom'd to endure the rage of Gods and poets.—  
And yet you promised many noble works,  
If once at leisure in this warm retreat. 10  
Why did you pack up Plato with Menander,

And bring Archilochus with Eupolis?  
 Will envy die because your courage fails?  
 You will be scorn'd : avoid the Siren, Sloth,  
 Or be content to lose your former fame.— 15  
 May Gods and Goddesses, O Damasippus,  
 Send you, in guerdon of your sage advice,  
 A barber! But how know you me so well?—  
 When I had pass'd through the Insolvent Court,  
 Having no business of my own to mind, 20  
 I schemed for others. Formerly I sought  
 Bronze foot-pans, such as Sisypheus had used,  
 Knew work ill-chisell'd or too roughly cast;  
 Gain'd thousands by a statue I pick'd up,  
 Bought houses, gardens, which I sold again 25  
 With profit, whence the crowded auction-mart  
 Surnamed me,—ward of Mercury.—

I know;

And marvel at your cure of this disease;  
 But yet a new disorder supervened,  
 As when sharp pains in head or side attack 30

29 But, says Horace, you have only exchanged that disorder for another,  
 that of giving advice where it is not wanted.

MACLEANE.

The heart, or when the patient in a trance  
Starts up and beats his doctor. Have your way,  
But spare me such strong reasons.—

My good man,

Be not deceived; you, like all other fools  
Are mad, unless Stertinius wholly errs; 35  
And as he spoke them I wrote down his words,  
What time he bade me cultivate a beard,  
And turn'd me back from the Fabrician Bridge.  
For, having made a mess of my affairs,  
And being in act to drown myself, he stood 40  
Beside me, saying gently: Have a care,  
Lest you do aught unworthy of yourself.  
False shame obscures your intellect, who fear  
Among the mad to be accounted mad.  
If there be proof that you alone are mad, 45  
Go, drown yourself, I've nothing more to say.  
Whom either folly blinds to obvious truths  
Or wilful ignorance has led astray  
Chrysippus and his school pronounce insane.  
This rule holds good of peoples and great kings, 50  
Of all, except the wise; now, learn of me

How all are fools like you whom they call mad.  
 As in a wood, where men have lost their way,  
 Some going right, some left, erratic all  
 In various ways, so each who drags a tail 55  
 Is just as mad as you whom he derides.  
 One kind of fool, afraid where no fear is,  
 Sees fires, rocks, torrents in the open plain;  
 Another, nothing wiser, makes a rush  
 Through fire and flood, lending no ear to cries 60  
 Of father, mother, sister, anxious wife:  
 Here the earth gapes! Beware the precipice!  
 He cares no more than drunken Fufius  
 When he slept through his part of Ilione,  
 Though Catienus myriad-mouth'd exclaimed: 65  
 Mother, I call on thee! My teaching is  
 That all the world are in this fashion mad.  
 Buying old statues Damasippus errs,

.55 'Caudam trahit' is a proverbial saying, taken from a habit of boys who hang a tail behind half-witted people to make them a laughing-stock in the streets.

*Vet. Comm.*

63 Horace here ridicules the actor Fufius who, when he should have feigned sleep, was so overcome with wine that he slept in good earnest.

LAMBINUS.



No wiser he who sells them to him : granted :  
 If I should say: Take what I cannot hope 70  
 You'll render back, are you insane to close  
 With such an offer? Or more senseless far  
 If you reject the gifts of Mercury?  
 Bid one write in your ledger :—Ten from Nerius :—  
 And all Cicuta's bonds and fetters add, 75  
 Yet will the Protean debtor slip them off.  
 Sue him : and his identity is gone ;  
 He's boar, bird, stone, or, if he will, a tree.  
 If sanity means gain, and madness, loss,  
 Perillius is more addle-brain'd than you 80  
 Who borrow of him what you can't repay.

Come unto me and learn, all ye whose blood  
 Is thinn'd by love of money or of place,  
 Or hot with superstition, luxury,  
 Or other mental malady. Draw near, 85

76 Proteus stands for any dishonest debtor who endeavours in a thousand ways to escape payment of what he owes.

78 Fierce as a wild boar, swift as a bird, mute as a stone, out of reach as the top of a tree. This line is imitated from Homer's description of Proteus.

(*Odys.* IV.)

---

While I explain how all mankind are mad.

The covetous require much hellebore,

Reason prescribes a whole Anticyra.

Staberius' heirs must on his tomb engrave

The sums he left, or, if they fail in this, 90

A hundred pairs of gladiators give,

A banquet in the style of Arrius

And a year's harvest of Egyptian corn.

Whether my will in this be right or wrong,

Dispute it not. I think Staberius 95

Shew'd prudent foresight here.—

What meant he then,

Bidding his heirs inscribe upon his tomb

The sums his father left him?—

All his life,

He reckon'd impecuniosity

The worst of vices, so that, had he died 100

Less wealthy by a farthing, he had seem'd

A monster to himself; for every thing,

92 Quintus Arrius was well known in his day. He was a man of low character and origin, and rose by time-serving to honour and wealth. On one occasion he gave an extravagant funeral entertainment. MACLEANE.

Rank, virtue, fame, things human and divine  
Court riches ; he who has them is esteem'd  
Brave, noble, just.—

And wise?—

Aye, and a King, 105

If so he will. He trusted that his wealth  
Would be accounted virtue : how unlike  
The old Greek, Aristippus, who enjoin'd  
His slaves to sow broad-cast on Libyan sand  
The gold whose weight delay'd his onward march. 110  
Which more insane?—

Your argument breaks down,  
And solves one difficulty with another.—

If one buys harps who has no music in him,  
Or knives and lasts who is no shoe-maker,  
Or ships and sails who trades not over sea, 115  
On all hands he is rightly deem'd insane.  
If one, outstretch'd upon a heap of corn,  
Keeps watch and ward and will not eat a grain,

118 An example is of no value which may be called in question equally  
with the subject in dispute ; for out of it arises a new difficulty. Moreover,

But rather stints himself on bitter herbs;  
If, with a thousand casks of wine laid in— 120  
Too little—with a hundred thousand casks,—  
He drinks sharp vinegar; and, furthermore,  
If he lays down his eighty years, less one,  
In litter'd straw, while rich bed-furniture  
Rots in his chest, a prey to moth and worm, 125  
Few know how sick, how mad he is, because  
The many suffer from the same disease.  
O hateful to the Gods, are you so mean  
That some wild son or freedman may imbibe  
Your good old wine, or lest yourself may want? 130  
How much would every-day consumption take,  
If with your cabbage better oil were served,  
Or doled out to anoint your scurvy poll?  
Wanting so little, is it worth your while  
To lie, cheat, swindle? And you, sane forsooth. 135  
If you hurl stones at strangers or at slaves  
Bought dearly, boys and girls will shout: He's mad!

Horace means that one, who so craves and hoards money that he dares not use it, is as mad as another, who wastes, neglects and dissipates his property.

LAMBINUS.

Poison your mother, suffocate your wife,  
No harm done, for you do it not at Argos  
Nor like Orestes slay them with a sword. 140  
Think you his mother's murder madden'd him,  
Or did some evil Fury urge him on  
To pierce her bosom with his trenchant blade?  
But, since 'twas clear that he had lost his wits,  
He did no deed that you could blame him for. 145  
His sword Electra spared and Pylades,  
Although in cursing both he call'd her, Fury,  
Him, every name an angry tongue could forge.

Opimius, stingy though he roll'd in wealth,  
Who drank thin Veian wine on festivals 150  
And any vapid stuff on common days  
From earthen mugs, was once so deeply sunk  
In lethargy, that his exultant heir  
Stood by to seize his coffers and his keys.  
The Doctor, fertile in expedients, 155  
Aroused him thus: he has a table set  
And empties sacks of money on the cloth,  
Then calls in slaves to count it. When the man

Sits up, he adds: Unless you guard your wealth  
The greedy heir will snatch it all away.— 160  
Not while I live?—

That you may live and watch,  
Do this.—

What would you have?—  
Your strength will fail,  
Unless you keep it up, with proper food.  
Come now, be wise, and take this barley-broth.—  
What price?—

A trifle.—  
But how much?—  
Ten asses.— 165

O let me die of sickness not of waste.—  
Who then is wise?—

He who is not a fool.—  
What is the miser?—

Fool and madman, too.—  
But he who is no miser, is he sane?—  
Not always.—

Why, O Stoic?—

Listen, now :— 170

Says Craterus: this patient has no trace  
Of heart complaint.—

He will do well, then.—

No:

His side and loins betray acute disease.

So, if one be not sordid nor forsworn

Let him be grateful to his household-gods; 175

But, if he prove ambitious, headstrong, rash,

Off with him to Anticyra. As well

Engulf your wealth as shut it up from use.

Oppidius, of Canusium, had two farms,

And will'd them to his boys, a farm to each. 180

Dying, he call'd them to his bed, and said:

You, Aulus, carry loosely in your bosom

Nuts, knuckle-bones, to play or squander them;

Tiberius gravely counts and hoards them up.

I greatly fear lest both may go astray, 185

Misled by Nomentanus and Cicuta.

Wherefore, I pray you by our household-gods,

Take heed lest you diminish or increase

186 Nomentanus, a notorious spendthrift;—Cicuta, an equally notorious usurer.

What nature craves and I have thought enough.  
Moreover, lest vain-glory tickle you, 190  
Swear to me, jointly, severally swear,  
If either serves as Ædile or as Prætor  
He is accurséd. Would you dissipate  
Your goods in paltry largess to the mob,  
That you may strut abroad, or pose in bronze, 195  
Denuded of a fair inheritance?  
That you, forsooth, may with Agrippa vie,  
Like crafty fox with lion's noble port?

Atreides, why must Ajax tombless be?—  
Am I not King?—

A subject asks no more.— 200  
And my command is just; if any one  
Holds it unjust, I grant him liberty  
To utter what he thinks.—

O King of men,  
Heaven grant you safe return from captured Troy.  
May I consult, have answer, and rejoin?— 205  
You may.—

Shall Ajax, second only to Achilles,



Unburied rot, who saved so many Greeks?  
That Priam and his people may exult  
In his disgrace, through whom the Dardan youth  
So oft lack'd sepulture?—

The madman! He, 210

Slaughtering a thousand sheep, in purpose slew  
Ulysses, Menelaus and myself.—  
Were you, in Aulis sprinkling meal and salt  
Upon your sweet child's head for sacrifice,  
Sane or insane?—

How now?—

Poor madman Ajax, 215

Who kill'd his flock, offer'd no violence  
To wife or child. He cursed the house of Atreus,  
But murder'd neither Teucer nor Ulysses.—  
And I, to save my ships from adverse winds,  
Religiously appeased the Gods with blood.— 220  
Madman! your own.—

No madman; though my own.—

He, who takes up delusions, or confounds  
Falsehood with Truth, is mad undoubtedly,  
Whether he errs from folly or from rage.

---

Ajax, who slew the silly lambs, was mad. 225  
When you do worse for honour's empty sake  
Is your brain sound, your proud heart free from sin?  
If any one should in a litter place  
A sleek lamb, richly dress'd, and waited on  
As daughters are; in sweet diminutives 230  
Address hef, as some gallant husband's bride,  
His saner friends would an injunction move  
Before the Prætor to restrain his power.  
And he, who for a mute lamb substitutes  
His child before the altar, is he sane? 235  
Impossible: such folly is the crown  
Of madness. He, who leads a life of crime,  
Is furious. He, whom vain ambition's glare  
Blinds to the truth, is ripe for shedding blood,  
When fierce Bellona thunders in his ears. 240

## IV.

## CATIUS ON COOKERY.

WHENCE comes and whither hastens Catius?  
 Home: to make notes of wisdom that transcends  
 Pythagoras and Socrates and Plato.—  
 Forgive me, I was wrong to question you  
 In such a crisis, but your memory, 5  
 So good by nature and improved by art,  
 If aught escape you now will soon recall it.—  
 This was my care, how perfectly to clothe  
 Essence so subtle in as subtle form.—  
 Who was the man? Roman or foreigner?— 10  
 I will declare his doctrine not his name:  
 “Be careful that the eggs you serve are long  
 In profile, better, whiter than the round

1 Thus Plato addresses Phædrus: *φίλε Φαῖδρε ποῖ δὴ, καὶ πόθεν;*

LAMBINUS.

5 Memory assisted by technical methods.

Whose shells are hard the male yolk to contain.  
 Sweeter is cabbage raised in well-drain'd ground 15  
 Than in the suburbs, water'd to excess.  
 If evening brings an unexpected guest,  
 Lest a tough fowl offend his toothsomeness  
 Steep it alive in mix'd Falernian,  
 This softens it. Old pasture champignons 20  
 Are best; all others doubtful: he will pass  
 A healthy summer, who at cool sunrise  
 Shakes down ripe mulberries for his mid-day meal.  
 Aufidius mingled strong Falernian wine  
 With honey, wrongly; to an empty stomach 25  
 Milder emulsions are more suitable.  
 For the dyspeptic mussels are prescribed  
 With cockles, hard obstructions to remove,  
 And sorrel, not without white wine of Cos.  
 Rich shell-fish fatten with the waxing moon, 30  
 But not all seas the same profusion yield.  
 Lucrine peloris Baian murex shames:

14 In this theory, Catus has Aristotle on his side, but is opposed to Pliny and Columella. The dispute might be set at rest by experiment, unless the form of the egg varies with the breed of the fowl, which seems to me most probable.

The oysters of Circeii are superb,  
And fine sea-urchins at Misenum breed ;  
The broadest scallops soft Tarentum boasts. 35  
He takes in vain the name of epicure  
Who studies not philosophy in sauce.  
What profits it to buy expensive fish  
Unless you know which fried, which stew'd, will make  
A guest upon his elbow rise again. 40  
Acorn-fed Umbrian boar should load the dish,  
Laurentian's bad, it smacks of reed and sedge.  
Not always in the vineyard chevreuil feeds.  
True gourmets choose the wing of pregnant hare.  
The perfect age and state of bird or fish 45  
My palate first learn'd to discriminate.  
Some men on sweet-meats waste their genius :  
'Tis not enough in one thing to excel ;  
Like him, who anxious that his wines be choice  
Cares not what oil is pour'd upon his fish. 50  
Expose your Massic wine to skies serene  
And the night-air all thickness will disperse,  
Or heady fumes injurious to the nerves,  
But linen strainers quite destroy its taste.

---

In mix'd Surrentine and Falernian wine 55  
 A pigeon's egg collects the sediment,  
 Which with the yolk will to the bottom sink.  
 Fried shrimps and Afric sea-snails stimulate  
 To fresh potations: lettuce after wine  
 Swims cold and undigested on the stomach. 60  
 Sausage and ham, or coarser kind of food  
 From cook-shops, stimulate the appetite.  
 Study the mysteries of compound sauce:  
 The simple of sweet olive-oil consists,  
 Mix'd with rich wine and muria of the East. 65  
 Chopp'd herbs must now be added; boil it once;  
 Sift in Corycian saffron; let it cool,  
 And add the oil Venafran berries yield.  
 In orchard-fruit Picenum gains the prize  
 From Tibur:—juicier. The Venuculan grape 70  
 Keeps best in jars, the Alban, dried in smoke.  
 With apples, this; white pepper with black salt;  
 And, as hors d'œuvre, pickles and sardines,  
 I first set round in dainty little plates.

65 Muria was a sort of essence of tunny-fish, in the manufacture of which the Byzantines excelled.

He must be mad who spends vast sums at market      75  
To cramp huge fish into a narrow dish.  
We shudder when a greasy-finger'd slave,  
Hot from his pilfer'd scraps, presents a cup,  
Or if old plate with dirt be overlaid.  
What is the price of towels, saw-dust, mops?      80  
So little, that neglect of these is vile.  
A marble floor swept with a stable-broom,  
And unwash'd covers on rich furniture,  
Defects amended at so little cost,  
Are more to blame than want of luxuries      85  
Which only grace the tables of the rich."

Wise Catus, by our friendship, by the Gods  
I pray you, take me with you to this Sage.  
For though your memory is excellent  
The tale leaves something wanting to my joy.      90  
I crave the air and bearing of the man  
You, face to face, have seen and therefore prize  
Less highly; but in me is fix'd resolve  
To track high wisdom to the fountain-head,  
And know the source whence flows true blessedness.      95

## V.

## TIRESIAS, ON WILL-HUNTING.

TIRESIAS, to your teaching add but this:  
How shall I make my losses good? Why laugh?—  
Is it not enough that you, so wise, regain  
Your home, your realm of Ithaca?—

O seer,  
Thine inward eye, which faileth not, beholds 5  
How poor and naked I return, to find  
My flocks devour'd, my wine by suitors drain'd,  
Whilst birth and virtue, penniless, are vile  
As sea-weed.—

Not to beat about the bush:  
You shrink from poverty. Come, listen now, 10  
And learn of me the art to compass wealth.  
If a field-fare or other dainty bird  
Is sent you, eat it not, but let it fly  
Down to some neighbouring house whose lord is rich;  
The first-fruits of your garden and your farm 15  
Offer not to your Lares but to him,



More honour'd than your Lares ; though he be  
 False, low-born, guilty of a brother's blood,  
 A branded fugitive, yet go with him,  
 Give him the wall, if so he will.—

Shall I

20

Cover an unclean Dama's flank? Not so  
 Bore I myself at Troy, but held my place  
 Among the worthiest.—

Remain, then, poor.—

I will constrain my mind to bear this shame  
 Like griefs less shadowy. Now, Augur, show  
 The when and how this wealth may be amass'd.—

25

I said and I repeat: Make old men's wills  
 Your aim ; tho' some may nibble and dart off,  
 Be not discouraged, throw the hook again.

In causes great or small before the court  
 If one is wealthy, childless,—though dishonest,  
 Forward to wrong the juster litigant,—

30

Espouse his side, spurn the good citizen  
 Who has a wife and family at home.

20 seqq. The hero's language is a parody of that which Homer puts into his mouth. (*Odyssey* XX. 18 and 223—24.)

MACLEANE.

Say : Quintus—Publius—as the case may be— 35  
 (These first names tickle foolish ears) your worth  
 Makes me your friend ; I know the slippery law ;  
 The forms of court ; he shall tear out my eyes  
 Before he robs you of an empty nut ;  
 Trust me, you shall not lose nor be outfaced. 40  
 Bid him retire and take his ease at home ;  
 Become his agent, labour, persevere,  
 Whether the lesser-dog mute statues cleave,  
 Or Furius, gorged with tripe, shall spit upon  
 The wintry Alps in flakes of hoary snow. 45  
 Nudging their neighbours' elbows men will say :  
 How patient, friendly, how acute he is !  
 Great fish will swarm to breed in your preserves.  
 Then, in a rich house with one sickly son,  
 (Lest much obsequiousness to single men 50

35 These names would be given to a slave on his manumission, as Persius humourously describes it (v. 78) :

Verterit hunc dominus ; momento turbinis exit  
 Marcus Dama.

44 Furius Bibaculus began his poem on the Gallic War with this line :

Jupiter hibernas cana nive conspuat Alpes,  
 which Horace satirically puts into the mouth of Furius himself.

*Vd. Comm.*

Unmask you) cringe and offer sympathy,  
 In the hope you may be named reversioner,  
 And if some sharp attack cuts off the youth  
 You step into his shoes :—a winning game.  
 If one should offer you his will to read, 55  
 Decline, put it aside, but have a care  
 With furtive glance to catch the second line  
 On the first page ; with quick eye ascertain  
 If you are sole or co-heir. Oftentimes  
 The cunning scribe deludes the gaping crow : 60  
 Biting Nasica by Coranus bit.—  
 Art mad, or mock'st thou me in riddles, Seer?—  
 O Laertiades, the thing I say  
 Will happen or will not, Apollo's self  
 Inspires the oracle.—  
 But what thy fable 65  
 Implies, if it be lawful, now impart.—  
 What time a youth, the scourge of Parthia,  
 Offspring of high Æneas, shall be great  
 On sea and land, the daughter of Nasica,

64 In ridicule of the ambiguous Delphic oracles, and of Apollo who inspired them. LAMBINUS.

Over head and ears in debt, shall wed Coranus, 70  
 His creditor, who treats her father thus :  
 He makes a will and brings it to Nasica,  
 Who, after much entreaty, reading, finds  
 No legacy but tears to him and his.  
 One counsel more : if an old driveller 75  
 Is by some artful maid or freed-man led,  
 Make up to such and earn by flattery  
 Their good word when away : this has its use,  
 Yet is it better to attack the head.  
 He writes bad verses ? Praise them. Is unchaste ? 80  
 Wait not till he entreats, but, of free will,  
 Penelope make over to him.—

What !

Can she, discreet and chaste, become corrupt,  
 Whom youthful lovers fail'd to lead astray ?—  
 But they came empty-handed ; not so much 85

85 The suitors are only once mentioned as offering presents to Penelope, and their value was not great. (*Odys.* XVIII. 290, sqq.) They were offered in consequence of the taunts of Penelope herself. (MACLEANE.) Antinous sent her a magnificent dress, fastened with twelve golden *fibulae* ; Eurymachus a head-ornament of gold and steel, elaborately worked and highly polished ; Eurydamas two superb ear-rings ; Pisander a necklace ; and the rest various offerings.

LAMBINUS.

For love of her as for her kitchen's sake.  
Thus far discreet is she: if only once  
She shall have sniff'd with you a dotard's purse  
No power will whip her, houndlike, off the scent.  
Hear, now, what happen'd long ago at Thebes: 90  
A sly old woman added to her will  
This grim proviso: Let my naked corpse  
Profusely oil'd, be carried to the grave  
Upon the naked shoulders of my heir:  
Hoping, when dead, she might escape from him 95  
Who had stuck closely to her all her life.  
Neither neglect nor overact your part;  
Be cautious lest garrulity offend  
Or silence vex; like Davus, in the play,  
Stand with head bent in seeming reverence; 100  
Walk humbly and adjure him, if the wind  
Has freshen'd, to wrap up his precious head.  
Shoulder a way for him among the crowd,

95 Cruquius' Commentator infers that if he let her drop he was to forfeit his inheritance. Whether such a thing ever happened at Rome or elsewhere I would not venture to say; but, at the end of the fragments of Petronius, there is mention of a yet more horrible will, in which the testator orders that his corpse shall be eaten by his heirs.

GESNER.

And be all ear for every word he says.  
Does he love flattery? Indulge his whim, 105  
Inflate him like a bladder with false praise,  
Until with hands upraised he cries: Enough.  
When from this care and bondage freed, you hear:—  
A fourth part to Ulysses I bequeath:—  
Break out:—O Dama, whither art thou gone? 110  
Where shall I find a friend so true and brave?  
Conceal your inward joy, and, if you can,  
Squeeze out a tear, and let his monument,  
Entrusted to your care, be sumptuous;  
Make neighbours stare at his funereal pomp, 115  
And should some elderly co-heir perchance  
Cough badly, say to him: If house or farm  
Falling to me suits you in any way,  
And you will take it at a pepper-corn,  
I shall be pleased.

Imperious Proserpine 120

Calls me, I must away: Farewell, farewell.

119 Cruquius' Old Commentator states, but without citing statute or section, that it was forbidden by law that an heir should make a present of chattel, land or house bequeathed to him. Tiresias counsels Ulysses to get rid of this difficulty in the manner proposed in the text.

## VIII.

## A SUPPER WITH NASIDIENUS.

Was Nasidienus' banquet a success?  
For, when I call'd to pray you'd sup with me,  
Your people told me you were feasting there  
Since scarce an hour from noon.—

In all my life  
Nothing so grand.—

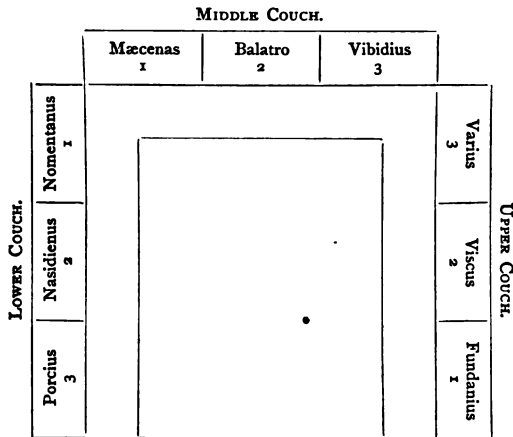
Tell, if it irks you not, 5  
What dish your angry stomach first appeased?—  
Lucanian boar, kill'd, as our host remark'd,  
When the South-wind blew gently. All around  
Were lettuce, radish, pickles, Coan lees,  
To stimulate the languid appetite. 10  
These being removed, one servant, trimly girt,  
The maple-table rubb'd with purple cloth;  
Another gather'd up the napkins, soil'd  
With sauce and scraps, unseemly. Dark Hydaspes,

14 When the litter was cleared away and the table wiped, two slaves, one from the East and named after his native river, the other a Greek, walk in with

Like Attic virgin bearing Ceres' horn, 15  
 Brought in the Cæcuban, and Alcon pour'd  
 The wine of Chios, with sea-water blent.  
 The host then : If, Mæcenas, you prefer  
 Falernian or Alban, we have both.—  
 Wealth ill-bestow'd ! Pray now, Fundanius, 20  
 What boon companions shared this lordly feast?—  
 I, first, and next me, Viscus, and beyond,

two amphoræ, one of Cæcuban, the other of Chian wine. They are represented as coming in in a solemn and stately manner, like the *καθηφόροι* who carried the baskets in procession at the festival of Ceres.

MACLEANE.



22 This diagram represents the triclinium with the places assigned to the guests. Mæcenas occupies the place of honour, and the host should have



If I mistake not, Varius : Balatro,  
With him, Vibidius, by Mæcenas brought :  
On the host's left was Nomentanus placed, 25  
On his right, Porcius, gluttonous buffoon.  
The former pointing, with fore-finger stretch'd,  
Lest any dainty should unnoticed pass ;  
For we, the uninitiated, ate  
Bird, mollusc, fish, disguised in strangest sauce : 30  
As soon appear'd, when he sent me a dish  
Of plaice and turbot-roe, the last new thing ;  
And afterwards inform'd me that the quince  
Grows ruddy at the waning of the moon.  
What matters this he must himself explain. 35  
Then said Vibidius to Balatro :  
We perish unavenged, unless we drink  
Outrageously,—and call'd for larger cups.  
The host turn'd pale ; dreading excess in wine,  
Either because it sharpens bitter tongues, 40  
Or dulls the finer palate with its fumes.

reclined next to him, on No. 1 of the lower couch ; but it appears that Nasidienus resigned this place to Nomentanus, probably because he supposed him better able to entertain his guests than himself. MACLEANE.

Meanwhile Vibidius and Balatro

Emptied whole flagons in Allifan cups,

All following suit; except the lowest couch.

Next came a lamprey in a lordly dish, 45

Shrimps swimming in the sauce: our host explain'd:

This fish was taken pregnant, lamprey's flesh

Is, after spawning-time, not fit to eat;

The sauce made thus: Take fine Venafran oil,

With garum, essence of the Spanish lobster, 50

And old Italian wine; and let them simmer:

When smooth and clear, throw in some Chian wine

For flavour, Chian is the best for this:

Then add white pepper and some vinegar

Fermented from the Methymnæan grape. 55

I first suggested rocket as a zest,

With bitter inula: Curtillus claims

Unwash'd sea-urchins for his special brine.

He ended: and the hangings over-head

43 Cups of earthenware, made at Allifæ, a town in Samnium.

50 'Garus,' a kind of lobster (perhaps that which the French call 'langouste') of which they made a pickle (query, essence) as we do of anchovies. PLIN. XXXII. 4.

AINSWORTH.

Fell in upon the dish, with clouds of dust, 60  
Black as the North-wind o'er Campania blows.  
Alarm'd at first, but quickly re-assured,  
We rose, but Rufus, groveling on the floor,  
Wept like a father for his youngest child.  
Sad case! But Nomentanus raised his friend 65  
And thus apostrophized the Goddess blind:  
O Fortune, most capricious Power of Heaven,  
To balk man's best-laid plans is thy delight!  
Here Varius stuff'd a napkin in his mouth  
To hide his mirth: ill-natured Balatro 70  
Sneer'd, as his wont is: Such is life! The more  
You take, the less your trouble brings reward.  
Why now should you, that I feed daintily,  
Sup full of anxious thought, lest ill-baked bread  
Or sauce marr'd in the making turn my stomach, 75  
Lest slaves unkempt and slovenly attend?  
Then comes mischance, such as but now occur'd,  
The hangings drop, or some untutor'd groom  
Slipping his foot makes havoc with a dish.  
But in a host, as in a general, 80  
Ill fortune is the test of genius.

To all this Rufus answer'd : May the Gods  
 Shower every blessing on your head ; so good  
 A man are you, and such a courteous guest.  
 Then, calling for his sandals, he retired.— 85  
 At once from every couch arose a sound  
 Of secret whispers buzz'd from ear to ear.—  
 Why, this is better than a play. Go on,  
 And let me hear the end of your burlesque.—  
 Vibidius ask'd the butler if his casks 90  
 Are stove in, that he calls in vain for wine.  
 And while he sought with far-fetch'd jokes to veil  
 His sarcasms on the master, Balatro  
 Abetting him, came Nasidienus back,  
 With radiant face, like one about to mend 95  
 Ill luck with fine resources of his brain.  
 Slaves on a wicker tray brought in a crane,  
 Curiously carved, bread-crumb'd and sprent with salt,  
 A goose's liver fatten'd on ripe figs,  
 Civet of hare, more delicate without 100

100 Nasidienus' cook may have introduced this dish from Gaul. It is popular with the French of the present day. They make it of the head, fore-eggs and internal parts of the hare, which they serve in a rich gravy, with

The back and legs, then black-birds over-done,  
And ring-doves with the hinder parts removed;  
Good things, but for the host's inane discourse  
About the natural history of each.

From whom and these untasted cates we fled,                    105  
In self-defence, as if Canidia's mouth,  
Worse than Egyptian asps, had breathed thereon.

lean Strasbourg bacon cut into dice, small round onions and button-mushrooms.  
The body and hind-legs, stretched out at their full length, are used separately  
as a roast, and have much the appearance of a mutilated negro-baby.



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